

# THE HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

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To proclaim a message of Peace and Happiness, Health and Purity, Life and Power.

To hasten the coming of the Golden Age when Love and Righteousness shall reign upon Earth—by endeavouring to promote universal benevolence by protesting against all social customs and ideas which hinder its advance, and by proclaiming obedience to the Laws of God—*physical and mental*—as a practical remedy for the misery and disease which afflict Mankind.

To plead the cause of the weak, defenceless, and oppressed, and to deprecate cruelty, and injustice, and all that is opposed to the true spirit of Christianity.

The Members of The Order are pledged to seek the attainment of these objects by daily example and personal influence. They are divided into two classes—*Companions and Associates*—the former being abstainers from flesh, fish, and fowl, as food; the latter from flesh and fowl only.

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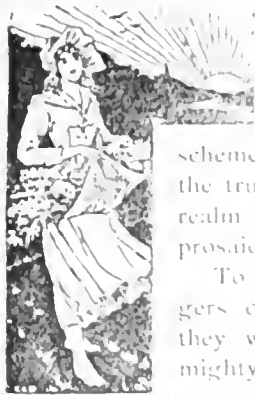
Published Monthly.

ONE PENNY

## Comets.

Faith demands action, not tears,—it demands of the few—the few—the few—the sole origin of our salvation,—it seeks Christians capable of saying, *We will die for this, above all Christians capable of saying, We will live for this.* LAMENNAIS.

**T**he popular idea of a comet is a body which is fantastic and independent—some fancy wanderer, aimless and objectless, uncontrolled by law and uncontrollable.



But such was not the idea of the ancients, and their depicting of the place and function of comets in the scheme of the Cosmos was no further from the truth, whilst it was much nearer to the realm of beauty and of poetry than the prosaic condemnation of the moderns.

To them the comets were living messengers of God, carrying fire in their arms—they were fiery spirits going forth into the mighty void and lighting up dead earth worlds to renewed power and glory—they were great angel forces, Ishfaras of the Central One, going out like living whirlwinds into the fathomless abyss and finding out stars and suns and planets, lying dark and silent and useless, but only waiting the touch of the flame-clad spirit to set them on fire for aeons of active service.

Last month the message of the fixed stars was upon me, and I called upon the multitude who have had their hearts touched with the fire of divine compassion and of humane pity to stand ever with unveiled faces, each in his own appointed place.

The many of the world are not called to wander, but they are *all* called to shine out the light they possess, be it small or great.

To the many of the world there is no mission of majestic solemnity laid upon them to go out into the unknown and to create, but to every one there is the message of the fixed stars.

Be not ashamed of the light that is within you, but confess and deny not when the world asks you whether you belong to the disciples of the Humane and to the band of those who eat not of the slaughtered.

"Be not ashamed of your Humane Dietary."

To-day another spirit is speaking to me, I hear the voice of the Comet calling to the few, to only the very few.

The fiery messenger of God is abroad in the world, and new souls, long waiting for life, have been touched with the flaming torch.

The messengers of the fiery cross are passing from land to land and from continent to continent, and where the pile is laid the fire is kindled and new beacon lights are springing up.

New Stars are coming into being and into beauty.

Not indeed new stars by one creative touch, for the Cosmic law is always the law which moves by slow degrees and silent methods until the psychic moment is reached and then! then a new life lives and a new star shines out its refulgent beauty.

But it is only the final act of an age-long preparation. No fiery flame can set ablaze the adamantine rocks and make them burn.

But for long ages the concentrated carbon and the volatile gases have been collecting until the great pyre is ready. Full filled indeed with the potentiality of life but waiting the mystic birth and the genesis of the vital spark.

The comet messenger of the mighty one comes with sweeping flight from the darkness of one abyss and leaves his hot kiss of burning flame upon the silent lonely pyre and disappears again with a speed that none can measure, into an abyss beyond.

But he has not come in vain. The messages of his burning bosom and of his fiery breath have fallen upon the cold and silent pyre and lo! a new star blazes up in the firmament of heaven!

To-day there is the same creative force at work in the cosmos of human souls and hearts, and new truths like flames of burning fire are being entrusted to the winged messengers of God to carry in their hands and arms and bosoms, and to bear like burning coals upon their tongues throughout the world.

For long centuries the building of stick to stick and coal upon coal has been going on.

Each age has added its quota of development—its own log to the heap and its own coal to the pile.

One age learned that gladiatorial shows must cease, but it needed the martyrdom of a messenger of truth to teach the human heart that such things are alien to the progress of the human race and to the spirit of humanity!

Another age has learned that the subjection of the human race to the human race in life-long bondage must cease, but it needed the fiery messenger of devotion to go out into the world abyss and proclaim the message of Freedom to those whose hearts were ready to learn, but who had, till that time, thought nothing of the matter.

Then a world still ever progressing was one day startled to find in the sky new stars proclaiming that

**animals also have rights;**

but these stars, too, which have gone on multiplying without number, have been kindled into blazing being by fiery messengers filled with the enthusiasm of a sacred message entrusted to them, — the mission preachers of Humanity!

The world slowly but surely and still further progressed towards the humaner ideal, and then the Comet prophet comes with burning lips and zeal that none can quench, to light up the piles that have long been preparing.

Even after this message has been preached the never-resting wheel grinds slowly on, and men learn that every summit reached is but a stepping stone to one still higher, and they dimly recognise that until the sublime Centre of the All is reached there can be no rest and finality can not be achieved.

Throughout the wide expanse of peopled worlds the flashing meteors have been seen afar, and men have come to learn that there is a truth abroad which some have seen, and they are whispering to each other, and saying that abstinence from slaughtered flesh for food must come to those who fain would take the higher step.

There is a call then to the few. A call to arms. A call to service!

Waiting men and silent women are ready for the trumpet call. Dark souls in all lands are ripe for the spark of light and of leading which will make them burn up into a brilliant life of devotion to this latest ideal of a Humane Dietary.

Men and women by their thousands are conscious that cruelty in Food is as wrong as cruelty in Sport or cruelty in Science and they are only waiting to be told once and told authoritatively that

**all butchery is cruelty,**

that they are only waiting to be told once and told authoritatively that

**all flesh food is unnecessary,**

and they will, with gladness, raise an anthem song of joy to heaven in thankfulness that they are henceforth free.

Free from the taint of animal blood-guiltiness. Free from the bondage of animal eating. Free from the need henceforth to find flimsy excuses to justify personal selfishness; and free from that hypocrisy which pretends that flesh is eaten as a *duty*, when the inner soul knows that it is only taken as a *pleasure*.

There are thousands ready and waiting for the message, but who is able to take up the burden of the prophet's mantle and to go out and deliver it!

It is ever so—the messengers who can bear the sacred fire and not be burned therewith are always few.

But the call to-day is for messengers—for sacred messengers to tell out the gospel of a Humane Life.

Be strong to hope, O heart!

Though day is bright.

The stars can only shine

In the dark night.

Be strong O heart!

Look to the light.

Be strong to love, O heart!

Love knows not wrong;

Didst thou love creatures even,

Life were not long.

Didst thou love God in heaven

Thou wouldst be strong\*

Peter Davidson.

\*Adelaide Anne Proctor.

## The Rosicrucian Brotherhood.

**I**n consequence of the increasing interest which is being manifested by seekers after truth concerning the somewhat mysterious Fraternity known as the Rosicrucians, and because many Societies are springing up in various parts of the world which claim connection with them (often for the sake of selling occult books at exorbitant prices) some information concerning the Order of the Rosy Cross may possibly be appreciated by the readers of *The Herald*, and therefore I venture to state some facts which are not generally known.



In the first place I will mention certain misapprehensions which exist, the chief of which is to the effect that the road to initiation in this ancient Brotherhood lies through Freemasonry. Masonic manuals teach that after passing through thirty-two degrees or stages of progress in Masonic lore, aspirants can be initiated into what is known as the thirty-third or "ne plus ultra" degree—that of the Rosy Cross—the ceremonials and symbolism of which are of the most sacred description because they have been to a large extent borrowed from the genuine Rosicrucian mysteries. As a matter of fact, it is extremely difficult to find a Freemason anywhere who has reached, or even aspired to, this high degree. It would be all the better for the prestige of Masonry if more of its members did so.

Masonry has no vital connection with the Rosicrucian Fraternity, for a man may pass through the Masonic degrees and yet know but little about the spirit which dominates the true Rosicrucian.

Rosicrucians are not made by passing through ceremonies nor by studying symbolic manuals, and they recognise each other by surer signs than secret grips and passwords. Any man can become a Mason, but not one man in a hundred can become a Rosicrucian. Material wealth will buy the highest honours in Masonry, but in the Rosicrucian Fraternity, spiritual wealth alone wins for its possessor the honour and esteem of the Brethren. Freemasons lay much stress upon ritual and attach much importance to occupying the chief seats at their feasts, but in the Order of the Rosy

Crucifixion is not so, for he that would be the servant of all, and the ministering spirit is more earnestly desired than any title.

Another popular fallacy, if I may judge by the advertisements which are to be seen appearing in certain journals in America and elsewhere, is to the effect that Rosicrucians sell their secrets and are prepared to initiate any person into their mysteries for a consideration in cash. The guilibility of the public causes such advertisements to appear, and those who see them may take my word for it that they are issued by persons who not only are unconnected with the *Fraternitas Rosae Crucis*, but are ignorant of its spirit and modus operandi. True Rosicrucians do not sell the priceless gems of truth which have been revealed to them; they give them without money and without price to those who are able to receive them and are likely to profit by them.

In the past centuries, and especially in the Middle Ages, when freedom of speech or thought were often considered to be capital offences, the Members of the Brotherhood were compelled, for purposes of self-protection, to surround themselves with mystery and secrecy, hence the idea that they were mere alchemists, dealing and dealing in the "philosopher's stone" and the "elixir vitae." And so a few false but scanty historic records of them, after weeping and wailing, came into being during modern times. I have no doubt that Rosicrucians have lived and carried out their work in all ages of the world's history and in most parts of the globe. Lonely but majestic, they have never varied, wavered, the destinies of men and moulded the world, and their influence and their devotion to the human race.

The last unsapprehended world-wide conspiracy was to the effect that the Brotherhood had gone the same way with "infidelity" or with "extraneous matters." This is a postmodern fallacy, for Rosicrucians are devoted to God and they not only regard Jesus Christ as their exemplar and teacher, but speak of Him as the Master of their assemblies. They are completely His servants, and self-sacrifice by obeying the Master is their law. He instituted for His followers:

What manner of men are they? First, they are seekers after Truth, aspirants after the highest Wisdom attainable by mankind. They seek illumination not for their own sake, but that they may become better qualified to serve God and Humanity and to help their fellow-men in their struggles upward towards the higher planes of consciousness. Unknown and unrecognized except by highly advanced souls dwelling in "the shadow," yet by no means hidden, they voluntarily bearing a humble share of the burden and toil which the redemption of mankind from darkness and evil, renders necessary on the part of the "children of God," sorrowful because of their sympathy with pain, yet always rejoicing—they go their ways quietly and without ostentation, and with the single intent to make other souls better and happier.

What of their much talked of "secrets"? They are such as the children of this world do not apprehend, but nevertheless are of much worth and preciousness. Indwelling and abiding Peace, overcoming and transforming Power, least vision that makes right Perception of men and things and eternal verities possible, Faith to do and dare and sacrifice—these are some of them. And those who win their way to the Light that shines beyond the realm of the Shadow are not far from Illumination and Realization.

Sidney H. Beard.

## The Powers of Man.

As I sat in the west gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral my mind began to dwell on the Christian teachings about the sublimity of duty, and the great rush of a divine compassion overwhelmed me.



It is a fearful and wonderful mystery that anyone with an open heart, and still more, with a crucifix before him, can possibly cling to the degrading frailty involved in the beating can be anything but an horror and an abomination.

There are many workers against sinners, and who are, nevertheless, sinners; and this is, most probably, the reason why their well-meant and devoted labors are so short of results. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of any church, so they may be engaged, and even sacrificed, to purify men's minds to the point where they can see clearly the way to the Kingdom of God. It is not the duty of any man to be a martyr, but it is the duty of every man to be a worker for the Kingdom of God.

So, I thought, that if I could only, in any way, reach the hearts of the people, I could do much good. I thought of the many who are so often so far from any object of devotion, and I thought of the many who are so often so far from any object of devotion.

What a pity that I could not make a man God and it was not my duty to do so. I thought of the many who are so often so far from any object of devotion, and I thought of the many who are so often so far from any object of devotion. I thought of the many who are so often so far from any object of devotion, and I thought of the many who are so often so far from any object of devotion.

Aggravated by the fact that I was in Lent, on the week of the Passion, I thought of the many who are so often so far from any object of devotion, and I thought of the many who are so often so far from any object of devotion. I thought of the many who are so often so far from any object of devotion, and I thought of the many who are so often so far from any object of devotion.

In the age of the Reformation, when every man was a saint, every man was a saint. It is possible to be a saint, and it is possible to be a saint. It is possible to be a saint, and it is possible to be a saint.

Is there any one who can do this? St. Paul tells us, speaking through the Holy Ghost, that the Church of the living God is the pillar and ground of the truth; and he absolutely ordered the Thessalonians, part of the church, "Withdraw yourselves from any brother that walketh

di orderly and not after the tradition which he hath received of us." And it is from this same tradition that we have received instruction concerning the abstinence from blood food.

Is there no sin in cruelty? How about the command "Be ye merciful as your Father which is in heaven is merciful?" Can we fancy the Divine, or even a saint, persisting in pleasing his palate at the cost of suffering, of such awful torture, to others, such awful demoralisation to human beings, as is implied by the existence of slaughter houses, especially in America and England.

Is there no sin in injuring "the temples of the Holy Ghost" as St. Paul calls our outside coverings? We are responsible to our Maker for our body as well as for our soul. Have we any right to mar His property, to make our own husks diseased and unclean, so that the ego cannot rise and do its daily work there as He would have it done? Overwhelming evidence shows that through eating dead bodies we do this.

Is there no sin for immortal spirits, raised through the incarnation to a more than angelic union with the Divine, if we will have it so, to build up such a coarse opaque covering round the ego that it is quite impossible to see the things of the spirit through it?

Is there no sin in introducing among the loving kind-hearted nations of the East the flesh eating that, when they take to it, is a short and easy road to demoralisation?

Is there no sin, in fine, in the self-love that will sacrifice others, soul and body, to its bodily appetite?

In what way are persons who act thus superior to the vivisectioners, since both sacrifice their own souls, as they sacrifice the bodies of others, on the altar of "self-ease, self-appetite or self-glory."

A Member of the Catholic Church.

## Our Debts.

I do not know much about the "upper circles" of society, but one cannot read the most cursory account of their frequent and various illnesses, without being impressed with the fact of their share in this "National Debt" to the laws of health, broken every day by the average inhabitant of our Great Empire. What the next generation will show of stamina, of power to withstand the daily wear and tear of an increasing strain on brain and muscle, remains to be seen by those who fill our places as the critics and grumblers over the decay in our National Constitution from preventable causes.

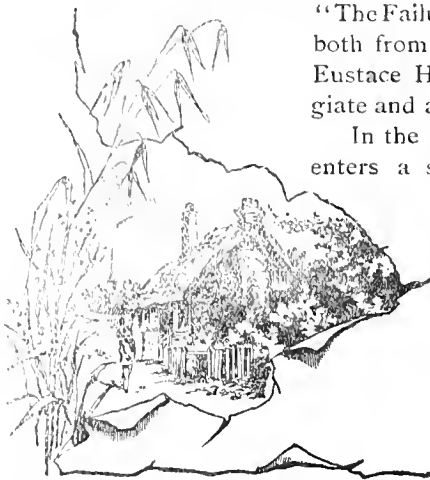
We have Science with its painstaking researches holding up a warning hand against the use of uric-acid-making foods, and drinks, and drugs; we have Experience with its pain-bearing complaints against the lack of hygienic knowledge in our schools and colleges; we have chains of every "ology," understandable or non-understandable, under the sun, except a chair from which the laws of our common physical Humanity can be impressed on the future teachers, preachers, physicians and law-makers, so that they may know how, first, to keep their bodies well and fit for their duty to themselves and their neighbours, and so be a real help instead of a continual source of anxiety to a public who look to them for guidance and encouragement in the upward path.

We have the highest medical, scientific, and practical authority, that on a non-flesh diet, men and women can and do live healthily, happily, morally; and since this is a *proved fact*, it is merely the bounden duty of every one who professes the name of Christ, or the name of Buddha, or the name of Humanity, to avoid all *needless* exposure to disease, all needless cruelty in procuring what is wholesome, all needless expenditure of time, money, labour in preparing a diet which will build up in health, instead of an increasingly more and more devitalising and moribund condition of mind and body.

Agnes S. Hunter.

## "The Simpler Foods."

Among books dealing with Food Reform, which have appeared in recent years, two of the most notable are "Muscle, Brain, and Diet,"\* and "The Failures of Vegetarianism,"† both from the prolific pen of Mr. Eustace H. Miles, M.A., of collegiate and athletic fame.



In the Introduction to both, he enters a strong protest against the use of the word "Vegetarianism" as used to designate a diet from which flesh is excluded, on the ground that it is misleading, being in the average mind associated with the use of

vegetables and vegetables alone—especially with potatoes and cabbage—and further "that it has misled hundreds, if not thousands, into a haphazard, unscientific, unnourishing, bulky, indigestible diet of which the physical effects may be simply lamentable." Again, he says, "I utterly refuse to be called a 'Vegetarian' for this reason"; and he insists on the pressing necessity of the early adoption of some less misleading term to designate a diet which consists not only of vegetables, but more largely of fruit, nuts, and animal products such as cheese, butter, milk, and milk products.

The sub-title of his chief book describes it as "A plea for the Simpler Foods." Not the least interesting (and for general readers, probably the most convincing) part of this book is the record of the writer's personal experiences following his adoption of the "Simpler Foods." He began using them, he tells us, "as an experiment and without a particle of faith," in the face of much well-meant opposition, and then he narrates how under this regimen he steadily recovered from a condition of serious physical disease and mental prostration, finally attaining his present status of exuberant health, with greatly augmented powers of activity and endurance.

Mr. Miles deals with the question of Food Reform from almost every conceivable point of view in a style at once clear, concise, and intensely practical. Whilst fully recognizing the cogency of the humane law in ethical arguments for a fleshless diet, he does not press them: they are, he thinks, beyond the power of the average carnivorous man to appreciate; but he believes that if such an one can only be induced by economical and hygienic means (which he *can* appreciate) to adopt "The Simpler Foods," he will, under their influence, gradually experience such purification and enhancement of his mental and moral faculties as will enable him to fully gauge their significance.

In the last chapter is a section entitled "A Few Questions to the Medical Profession," which he offers for the serious consideration of every medical man before venturing to pose as an authority on health. In reference to this I

\* "Muscle, Brain and Diet." A plea for the Simpler Foods, by Eustace H. Miles, M.A., Camb. Third Edition, 1901, 3s. 6d. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Lim.; New York: The Macmillan Co.

† "Failures of Vegetarianism," by Eustace H. Miles, M.A., 1902, 2s. 6d. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Lim.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.





## The Outlook.

The world never forgets. Once a bad name is given to a dog, you will find curish epithets applied to his tenth generation of puppies!



Many a time have I wondered at the nonsense which I have heard people talk about vegetarianism and about vegetarians, and I have found that it was all because they had heard of some foolish crank years ago, who had done extraordinary things and had called himself a vegetarian to boot!

But it is the way of the world. It has a greedy ear for folly and scandal and a permanent memory for things that are black or foolish.

Vegetarianism to-day has to suffer for FADDISM STICKS. the extravagancies of some of its earliest pioneers.

Good, earnest, heart-souled men, throwing all that they possessed into the cause they loved so truly, they nevertheless erred at times in judgment and discretion, and by their want of a level balance upon the ordinary etiquette of life they provoked smiles instead of sympathy, and the scoffers scoffed so loudly at the little oddities of their manners that no one could hear the beautiful voices of their souls.

Even to-day the word vegetarian raises the idea of faddism or crankism in some minds. Foolishly and wrongly I admit, but none the less actually does the heritage of the past cling to the changed forces of the present.

The word "vegetarian" too is very closely connected with those restaurants that make *cheapness* the attraction for custom, and which feed a man thrice full for the modest sixpence, and would have you believe that bulk is synonymous with nutrition and mass with economy.

Cheapness, therefore, has become associated with vegetarianism, and that "it may be a good thing for the poor" has often been a warning note which has alienated the rich from considering its claims.

Now, The Order of the Golden Age is not an inheritor of either of these stigmas. It has, from its inception, made "sanctified common sense" its watchword, and has banned from its ranks any of that faddism or crankiness which it recognizes to be the mark of an unbalanced mind.

We don't want to *offend* an erring world, we want to *win* men to higher thoughts and thence to more humane habits, and therefore it is unwise to let every bill sticker plaster up his heterogeneous posters upon the fair wall of Humane Food Reform!

The Order of the Golden Age, too, has always avoided linking itself with the farthing economy claim.

We must aim for the *best* and not for the *cheapest*, for we shall find that the truest economy follows close in the wake of that which is the most perfect, while we shall *not* find that the best is obtained by him who niggards his pennies in purchase.

The Order of the Golden Age, too, has not only avoided these things, but it has taken up the positive claim that the ethical plea is the basis of all permanent reform and of all burning missionary zeal.

Economy may appeal to the poor, and Hygiene may appeal to the delicate, but the longing to *be good* and to grow nearer the Divine Spirit of God is common to everyone, and lies deep down in every human heart.

Touch this secret spring and the life is changed, the well of water is tapped, and the man can no longer be a mere machine wheel, but he will be found to be a flame of fire lighting up wherever he goes.

AKIN BUT DISTINCT.

The two lines of Vegetarian propaganda and our own advocacy of Natural and Humane Diet are like sisters. Akin, closely connected, having much in common, but neither wishing to be taken for the other.

Just as the kinship of sisters is known by the identity of their surname, so their individuality is made plain by the difference of their Christian name.

The Order of the Golden Age is one of the stock of many sisters whose common name and common aim includes "Food Reform," but as its individuality is different, so will it prefer to use the name "Fruitarian" to mark the essential difference of its basis and methods from those which have become associated with the great societies which call themselves "Vegetarian."

Fruit is a beautiful word, it speaks of the gospel of the orchard and the harvest field. It carries you into the garden and the greenhouse. It conjures up the earliest joys of childhood and the pleasantest spots in the desert of disease. The word "Fruit" brings light to the eye and fragrance to the nostril. It whispers of rustling leaves to the listening ear, and reminds the light touch of form and texture that artists love to linger over.

The claim of the Order is that before DEATH WITHOUT you inflict serious pain or destroy life, JUSTIFICATION. you have—as a moral requirement—to amply justify the necessity for so doing.

It further points out that the plea of "food requirement" is not a sufficient justification when once it has been proved that every essential of nutrition, for the fullest development of the human organism—both in man's physical and supra-physical state—can be obtained from the living world of fruits and nuts and grains and vegetables and from free products of animal life.

EARLY INSTINCTS

Take me back to the days of my early innocence, when the ruddy apple and the golden orange spoke their sweet messages to me direct. Take me back to the far off days when the living cattle and sheep were objects of deepest interest and when their young ones were my comrades and my playmates. Take me back to the country joys where the lambs frolicked in the spring sunshine and the calves sucked my fingers beneath the orchard trees. Blot out of my life all those hardening years when I grew accustomed to the taste of flesh and got over my horror at learning that my pet pigeon was the same as the pie that I had had for dinner. Do this. Restore to the race the innocence that its children still possess at every race birth, and a Fruitarian generation will arise, full of grace and beauty, and of a potentiality for development on other planes that are as yet undreamt of.

Fruitarianism shall be justified of her children.

The word "Fruit" even in its origin is a beautiful word and very comprehensive.

It not only means the product of the vegetable world, but it is also interlinked with the Latin word "fructus" which means "enjoyment" as well as "fruit," and it is also a close ally of the Anglo-Saxon word "frucan," which means to "digest" and also to "enjoy," so that in the word itself we have three connected thoughts.

Fruit—Digestion—Enjoyment!

Then when we come to see what "fruit" includes we find that according to the best authorities it is taken to mean:

1. Whatever is produced for the nourishment and enjoyment of man by the process of vegetable growth, e.g., corn, cereals, legumes, vegetables, etc.



V.E.M.

 $\frac{1}{4}$        $\frac{3}{4}$        $\frac{1}{4}$  $\frac{7}{8}$        $\frac{5}{8}$        $\frac{3}{8}$ 

[J.] I think that it means to get an ordinary leg commercial weekly news, get it five years, when page supplement to editorial weekly, the end of with a scathing condemnation of the habit of flesh-eating, and to uphold in it the beauties of a humane aristocracy.

LINKED  
PROBLEMS.

Naturally it created a great sensation, and now Mr. Whiston follows it up by taking the chair at an important meeting and showing how intimately interlinked are the social problems of drink and disease and poverty with the greater problems of right and wrong feeding.

Here is just one extract from a speech that has been reported elsewhere in full:

The explanation for the people leaving the land was because the great demands of people were for certain articles of food, and until the demands of the people changed, the conditions of life in the country could not change. He did not know whether they had ever studied the question, but it took nearly four acres of land to produce the equivalent of flesh food which one acre of land produced of non flesh foods.

If we could check this great immigration from the country to the city, and instead of having one farm servant have six, eight, or ten, they would have thousands of men out of the town back to healthier surroundings and under healthier conditions. Herein lay one of the great causes and one we shall have to face.

From that as a sort of sister thought he wanted to ask them that if he put eight plates of different kinds of food before them, how many could tell him the respective value of these foods? Not many; and yet they might ask what this had to do with home missionary work. It had this to do with it: the art of building up the physical stamina of the people would go a long way in making the life of the people useful and happy.

Of five thousand strong, full grown men who offered to serve their country when the call was made for Volunteers, three thousand were rejected as physically unfit, and he asked them was not this an appalling fact? Three out of five men were physically incapable of serving the nation. Was the food problem nothing? Shirk it we could not afford; the very vitality of the nation depended upon that question. It was true that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," and the question was practically in the hands of mothers, and they had to control it.

\* \* \*

BELLOWING  
IN AGONY.

I have rarely read a more dreadful bit of news about the doings of a civilized town than is contained in the paragraph I quote below from the *Glasgow Herald*.

Butchers often tell me that they never have to strike a cow or a bullock or a bull more than once. They say the animal always drops stone dead at the first stroke. I know the statement is false because I have visited many slaughter houses and have seen again and again the poor creature bellow in its agony after it has been struck.

\* \* \*

TRUTH MUST  
BE FACED.

In this case it is difficult to say how many blows fell before sensation departed, and if anyone will try for a moment to put himself in the position of this "noble specimen" he will dimly understand what a day of pain and fear and anguish it must have been.

I quote the passage in full, not because I have any joy in recounting these gory, ghastly doings, but because they *must* be recorded sometimes to remind people of what is actually going on every day and every night behind closed doors and barred gates, and because it is better when you do record them to quote from an unbiassed source so that no one can say that we have exaggerated to make our own case good.

\* \* \*

AGONY OR  
APPETITE.

God forbid that we should play the liar by deliberately exaggerating anything, but in this dreadful traffic, to please the selfish demands of pampered human stomachs, there is no need for exaggeration.

The truth is often too dreadful to be related.

Many women, aye and men too, eat their steak with complacent nonchalance and say that they cannot listen to tales of the slaughter house because it would put them off their appetite!

An animal's agony is not to weigh as of any value in the scales against a human appetite!

\* \* \*

WAITING FOR AN  
HOUR TO DIE.

Here is the paragraph which speaks for itself:—

*Runaway Bull in Glasgow.*—A scene of an unusual and intensely exciting character occurred yesterday forenoon in the East-end of the city. The excitement commenced within the slaughter-house of the Corporation Cattle Market in Moore Street, where a noble specimen of the Highland bull, after two strokes of the killer's poleaxe, broke furiously away from captivity, and ran amuck through the streets of Calton district.

Infuriated by the blows on its leonine head, the bull tore away from its rope fastenings; the nose ring was a deterrent to its further progress for but a second or two, as, owing to its determined struggles, the animal's nostrils gave way to the strain of continuous tuggings of almost giant-like strength and tenacity.

Pouring with blood and roaring with rage and pain, the great brute dashed through the place, and reached the doorway of the market.

Here a van and horse, which was being backed into the premises, intercepted the bull. Maddened with pain, it rushed on the pony, which it gored behind the shoulder, inflicting a serious, but not fatal, wound, and overturning the vehicle.

On reaching the vacant piece of ground in Green Street a number of youths contrived to capture the two ends of a rope which still dangled at the animal's head, and which seemed to infuriate it greatly. In this manner the bull was kept from further troubling for about an hour, when Mr. Nelson, brother of the consignee, arrived on the scene with a rifle, and, after several ineffectual attempts to shoot it, ultimately succeeded in bringing it to its knees, under a lorry conveniently placed to bar its way to Great Hamilton Street, in a condition so helpless that half-a-dozen strokes of the poleaxe of a killer in attendance soon ended the noble creature's career. The carcass was afterwards removed in a waggon to the slaughter-house.

\* \* \*

## IN THE PRESS.

The month has been a busy one. Dr. Perks started the ball rolling in the *Macclesfield Courier* with a masterly letter on Ethics in diet, and Mr. C. P. Newcombe has been hammering at the *Daily News* and *Daily Chronicle* the essential connection between flesh eating and cancer.

Amongst those who followed up were our staunch and sturdy fighters the Rev. A. M. Mitchel and the Rev. Walter Walsh and another member whose individuality I recognized under the pseudonym of "A London Physician."

Mr. Mitchel testifies:

Some of us who have separated ourselves from the carnivorous world, for ethical reasons mostly, have the witness within ourselves how true this is; and there is nothing so convincing as that inward witness.

Mr. Walsh says:

As an Ari tophagist of 11 years standing—with all my household—I can bear witness to the valuable results on health and happiness. The man, woman, or child who lives on that selection of grains, vegetables and fruits, which suits his age, physical constitution, and habit of life, will, I fearlessly assert, enjoy his food more, find greater variety of dish and flavour, develop more vigour of body and more activity of brain, call in the doctor seldomer, and dismiss him quicker than he who lives by the blood and suffering of his fellow-creatures.

A London Physician writes:

May I, as an old abstainer from flesh foods, emphasize the fact that I have seen the very best possible results follow in cases of rheumatism, indigestion, anaemia, and general debility, from giving up absolutely the use of flesh foods and the substitution for them of ripe fruits (especially the dried fruits, such as soaked raisins, figs, dates, plums, etc.), ground-up nuts, soft cheeses, salads, and some well-baked griddle cakes, butter, and milk.

I hope our young enthusiasts will emulate their leaders by stirring up their local newspapers by letters and will then send me a copy of the paper for next month's notes.

\* \* \*

MR. EUSTACE  
MILES.

Among the men of to-day who have done great things for the ideals of the Order the name of Mr. Eustace Miles stands high.

Unsparring in his criticism of all that is foolish or faddy he has fought straight and hit out hard for what is highest and best.

And more than all, he exemplifies his theories in his own life's prowess.

Mr. Eustace Miles has now been elected a member of the Council of the Order and he has already planned out one or two new methods in which he hopes to be able to help on its work.

It is always these busy men who are overwhelmed with their labours, who come up fresh and brilliant to undertake new toils and to keep ever alight the fiery comradeship which makes for Victory.

\* \* \*

PETER'S  
VISION.

I suppose that if you eat flesh it is just as well to know *what* you are eating!

I know some people don't care a pin. They say that since Peter's vision they are bound to make no discrimination, but to eat all manner of living animals and creeping reptiles and to be thankful.

I do not quarrel with their belief, if they honestly and really believe it, so long only as they will not quarrel with me because I honestly and I really *dis*believe it.

No excuse, comrades, for the sake of the revolution. No excuses for

Let there be many windows to your soul,  
That all the glory of the universe  
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane  
Of one poor creed can catch the glad rays  
That shine from countless sources. Tear away  
The blinds of superstition; let the light  
Pour through fair windows broad as Truth itself  
And high as God.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

*Guide Book*, I was soon able to argue with the best of them—able to give my Roland for their Oliver.

My wife, too, I am thankful to say, is much better in health. Always contented and happy, she is now much more so. At one time she found it necessary to have frequent recourse to nostrums, the names of which shall remain unrecorded; now, nothing of the kind is necessary: we physic ourselves with our food. We have no stomach nor liver trouble, brain clearer, flesh healthier and firmer to the touch, skin clearer—everything bright and happy.

I should also like to say that although a life-abstainer from intoxicants, yet, before becoming a vegetarian, I used to indulge in my pipe, of which I found myself getting more fond than I cared to admit. However, since my conversion, I have given it up—and that, simply because I have no desire for it.

At Christmas some friends invited us to dinner. They had turkey among other things, and were more than disgusted and annoyed in finding that we were able to resist turkey: they had prepared nothing else for us; but we had a most enjoyable dinner on Brussel-sprouts, mashed potatoes, bread and butter and cheese, and plum-pudding and custard, with a glass of water, and as a result we were as well the day after Christmas as we were the day before.

A word here to all food-reformers: cultivate a happy manner and smiling countenance. Too many seem borne down by the weight of their comparative isolation. Why be isolated? Mix with people. Talk about humanitarianism. Endeavour to appeal to people's higher nature—it is better than condemning their lower. What have we to be melancholy about? Surely it is rather the opposite! Granted that the knowledge of what is involved in the brutal slaughter of our poor fellow creatures makes one feel sad and at times almost hopeless, but let us leave thoughts of such a character to our own quiet chamber, and give to the world our most enthusiastic and our brightest and our best.

W. R. Bridges.

## "The Ideal Shall Become Real"

Whoso would rise to the full height of his possibilities must possess an immeasurable faith, not alone in himself but in the co-operation of Divine Love. He must rest in the conviction that all shall work to the good of those who love God; that all desirable ends are to be obtained by whosoever abides in the Truth. To a life so ordered the time is ever ripe to test the assertion of the Spirit. He that once despaired of happiness and equanimity—that in his ignorance gazed upon a cimmerian world—shall yet behold the dawn of a brighter day and rejoice in the promise of a new life, therein to experience a liberty undreamed of: a reality and depth of living until then unrecognised. For the tyranny of the unreal shall be overthrown, and that which filled the horizon shall recede and become as a speck.

Stanton Kirkham Davis.

## TO GLUTTON.

"Thou hast the same rich, table haunting face:  
Thy wine bathed eyes and sunset-tinted cheeks  
And very nose wake festal memories.  
Thou art a monument of unpaid meals;  
Each curve of thee speaks suppers; thy mere presence  
Breathes cellars, larders, kitchens. Thou wouldst stoop  
And wash the sooty feet of Belial,  
So he would cram thy greedy stomach with  
One juicy gorge."

John Istorum.

## Materialistic "Science."

Materialistic science asserts her claim as the one solvent; the one touch-stone by which all things in heaven and on earth are to be tested. From



her judgment there is no appeal. This sort of science believes in no other god but herself.

A pseudo man of science goes around with his uplifted stick, hitting at every head he sees. He crashes into the brains of men and animals to find out their contents. He is like the boy who burst in the head of his drum to see the sound inside. He plunges the knife into the bird's throat to discover the

song, and chatters over the destruction of both bird and song.

When pseudo science has reduced everything to a plane beyond the reach of the human eye, she grasps her microscope and crucible, and tortures yet further the evasive atoms, to find—nothing beyond. When she reaches a point where she can break nothing: can resolve it no further, she stops; says complacently, "We can teach you how to destroy, but we can tell you nothing how to construct."

In Shakespeare's works science finds letters, simply letters. Plunging her reeking hand into that marvellous brain, she can find nothing to raise aloft, and cry, "Behold the mighty wizard!"

With fiery crucible or piercing microscope she can find neither spirit nor knowledge, nor soul of man by which the book was written. There is no thought, nor spirit, nor wisdom in the work—only letters.

This is what materialistic science always finds: body, never the soul. Sweeping the heavens with telescope, wandering amidst interstellar spaces with torch and crucible, she finds no Great White Throne, no habitation of a personal God. What science can not find with glass or plummet she declares non-existent.

When the vivisectionist, in the name of science, cuts into pieces a living dog or a living horse, he reports on the creature's bones and sinews; he never reports on the creature's love for man.

Science is the world's civiliser; but pseudo science has yet to learn that to torture the lower never civilised the higher. The vivisectionist sustains no relation to mercy or goodness or justice. An African chief, on being presented with a rifle, not seeing bird or beast on which to try its powers, fired at a slave at work in a field, and then went down to his palace proud of his gun. How bright the steel! how polished the wood! Out there in the field the slave lay dying in agony. Such is the science of vivisection, a science of knives and saws, a science of cowardice and cruelty. The human soul and the animal soul left out.

We wonder that any human being could have dreamed of a crime so monstrous as dissecting a living animal; that any human being should search among quivering nerves every sensitive spot that he could stab, and burn, and sting with agonies unutterable, and that men of a civilised country would allow other men to commit this useless and heartless crime.



"Gladly, and first of all I will mention fruit—all the kinds that so load down the centre of this table. Bananas and grapes, pears and dates, oranges and apples.

"Then I eat nuts, almonds and pecans, the two best nuts. I think, though the cocoanut furnishes me with a material that is the best boon of any.

"As to diet, I eat whole wheat bread, and oatmeal, and gluten, and graham crackers made by vegetarians, because they do not use lard or baking powder, and I eat a bread made of a flour especially prepared for such as myself, and such bread as this is a revelation.

"You have all a genuine sensation to enjoy if you have not eaten of this staff of life. And I have learned to make it—I, who never tried to make bread in my life before and who never could be induced to learn the art of cooking in any of its branches.

"And I have outgrown my fondness for butter, since I have come to know and eat food that is really food. And, to sum up, I have acquired a new sense—the sense of natural taste, without the use of stimulants—like tea and coffee, pepper and other condiments, and I find that good food tastes as it never did before."

"And what did you eat for your Thanksgiving dinner, that was different from this one you refused to share with us?"

"In the first place, I ate my dinner at 2 o'clock and shall not eat again until to-morrow morning—and it was simpler than usual to-day because I had so many things to do. But I ate all that I desired.

"I had a bowl of wheat flakes and cream, some honey and crackers, and some dates and a banana.

"What, no soups, nor vegetables, no entrées, no pastry?"

"No, usually I eat vegetables, but to-day I preferred a cold meal, and I had the most delicious Thanksgiving dinner I ever ate, and I have since accomplished more work than I would have done in a whole day under old conditions."

"And are you a crank about exercise? My doctor talks exercise to me until I hate to hear the subject," said a portly lady.

"Not eating meat, I do not require to take so much exercise. What I eat I easily digest, and I have not of necessity to walk miles each day to aid digestion. And, since I do not have uric acid in my system now, I rarely feel chilly, and enjoy what I never could take, a daily cold plunge."

"Heavens!" exclaimed a nervous, dyspeptic woman near her. "A cold plunge in such weather! Turkish baths have only one drawback for me, and that is the cooling-off. I should die under your régime."

"Don't eat meat and you'll change your mind. The world will never be a nice place to live in until men and women decree the abolition of the slaughter house, and there never will be any improvements in our lives until each and every one of us realizes the dreadful injustice we do ourselves in eating meats, no less than in drinking liquors.

My health now is perfect, and for the first time in my life I revel in a sense of complete physical freedom. My release from disease and pain is as great as it would be had I been in prison, and had escaped to liberty. All my faculties are brightened.

"I think quicker, reason better, am more hopeful, cheerful, serene. My eyesight is growing natural. You have all seen me wearing glasses for years. Now I am able to read for periods without them, and I shall soon put them aside for good.

"My hair that was falling out at all times is young and vigorous now, and the new hairs about my temples are darker and stronger than the older growth. The color is in my cheeks where once they were always pale and colorless.

"I hear perfectly; the skin is smooth on my hands; I had some wrinkles and they are fewer in number. My voice, which was always clear, is now exceptional in its power, and I can sing without weariness and better than ever before.

"I read, study, work, plan and execute, and all with a vigor I never knew until I gave up meat and other wrongful things."

"New York Sun."

## Oh the Cost of It.

**T**he South African War, it has been stated, has cost Great Britain alone no less a sum than £250,000,000. These figures are easily written and pronounced, but how many of us have any adequate conception of what they represent. In order to aid us in forming some idea of this prodigious sum, let us see what we, as a nation, could have done with the money if it were laid out for constructive purposes instead of being spent on destructive warfare.

We might then have provided:—

	£
100 Model Towns, each town containing 1,000 houses, each of the average value of £1,000 ... ..	100,000,000
2,000,000 Old Age Pensions for the needy and deserving, at £25 a year, or nearly 10s. a week each ... ..	50,000,000
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50,000 Model Houses, with from 5 to 8 rooms, bathroom and small garden, at £400 each ... ..	20,000,000
500,000 Free Allotments of Garden Ground, averaging an acre apiece, at £25 an acre ... ..	12,500,000
1,250 Places of Worship, available for philanthropic and instructive purposes during the week, at £10,000 each ... ..	12,500,000
100 Model Dwellings or Lodging Houses, for the poor men and women, with a garden to each, at £50,000 each ... ..	5,000,000
500 Cottage Hospitals, at £10,000 each ... ..	5,000,000
200 Polytechnics or Intermediate Schools, at £25,000 each ... ..	5,000,000
100 Public Libraries, at £20,000 each ... ..	2,000,000
100 Baths and Wash-houses, at £20,000 each ... ..	2,000,000
200 Sets of Almshouses, at £10,000 each ... ..	2,000,000
50 Orphan Asylums, at £50,000 each ... ..	2,500,000
20 Reformatory Schools, at £50,000 each ... ..	1,000,000
2,000 Life Boats, etc., or Fire Brigade Apparatus, at £750 each ... ..	1,500,000
100 Floating Hospitals for Sailors, at £10,000 each ... ..	1,000,000
10 Sea Bathing Infirmarys or Sanatoria, at £100,000 each ... ..	1,000,000
1,000 Soup Kitchens, at £1,000 each ... ..	1,000,000
20 Asylums and Penitentiaries, at £50,000 each ... ..	1,000,000
Total ... ..	£250,000,000

Two Hundred and Fifty Millions of Money.

This enormous sum may be represented in other ways, which may help the mind to grasp it, *e.g.*:—

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[Correspondence and enquiries will be welcomed by the Editor of *The Herald of the Golden Age*, Paignton, Devon, and shilling packets of assorted literature will be sent post free for distribution.]



## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Annual Report of the work of The Order for the year 1901, written by the Secretary of the Order, and the expenditure duly audited by an independent, has been prepared for all Members of The Order and also for those who, although not Members, have been invited to the annual convention, and a copy will be sent by the Order to all who apply for it.

[illegible]

**Subscriptions** *Journal of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry* is published bimonthly. Single issues are \$10.00. The subscription price (which includes postage) for institutions is \$180.00 per year. For individuals ordering direct from the publisher, the subscription price is \$100.00 per year. The subscription price for individuals ordering through a bookseller or subscription agent is \$110.00 per year. The subscription price for libraries is \$180.00 per year. The subscription price for individuals ordering direct from the publisher is \$100.00 per year. The subscription price for individuals ordering through a bookseller or subscription agent is \$110.00 per year. The subscription price for libraries is \$180.00 per year. The subscription price for individuals ordering direct from the publisher is \$100.00 per year. The subscription price for individuals ordering through a bookseller or subscription agent is \$110.00 per year. The subscription price for libraries is \$180.00 per year.

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[illegible]

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[illegible]
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